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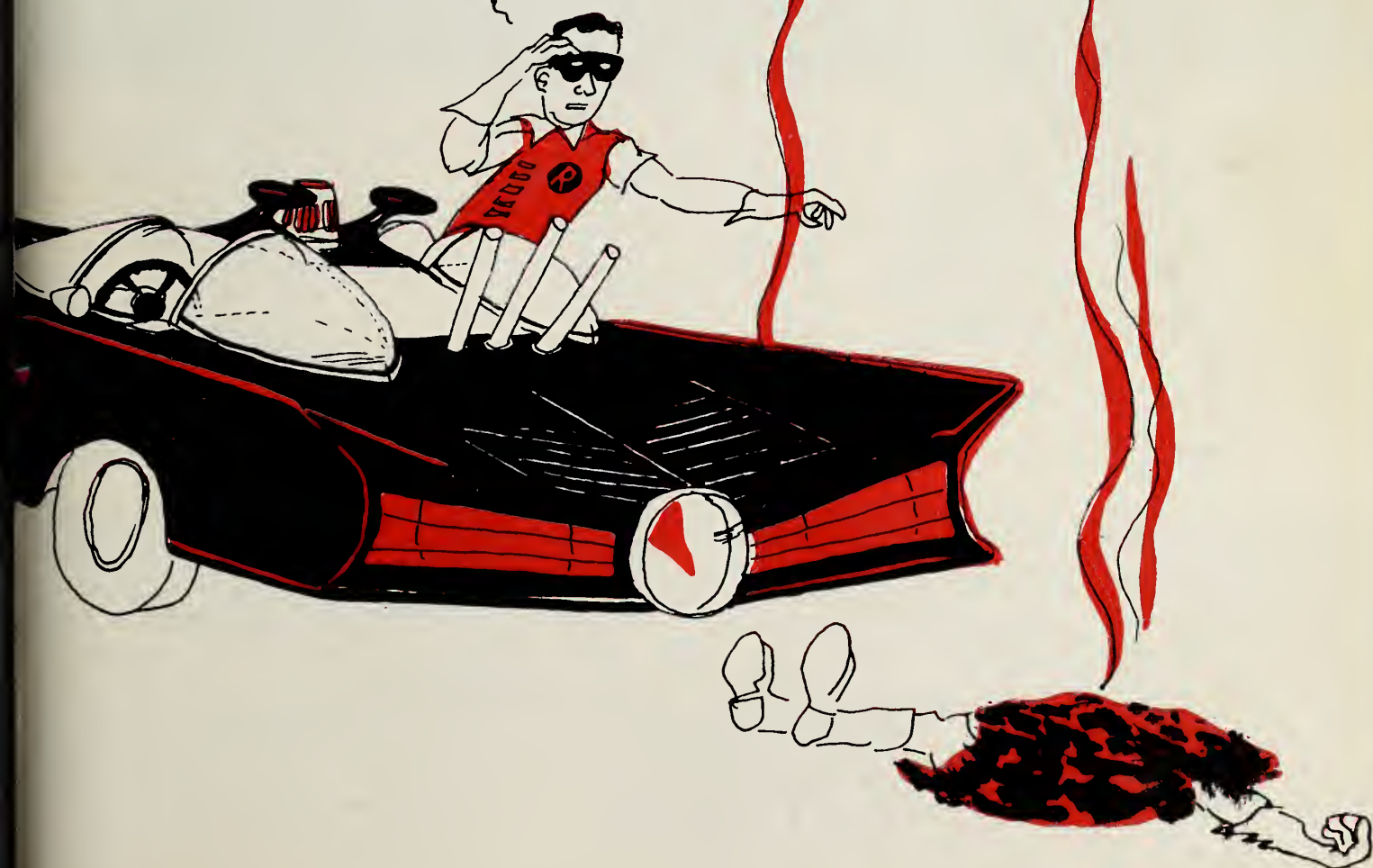
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YAHOO

SORRY,
BATMAN...





Maybe you'll never race it...but you'll be tempted

Of course you'll be tempted! After all, the Austin Healey Sprite is bred to be used sportingly and competitively. It is a bona fide sports car. The official SCCA rating: Class H or Class G, depending on the year.

Of course you'll be tempted! (But even if you never race, the power you may someday need is there.) The competition-proved Austin Healey engine turns up speeds in excess of 90 mph. There are twin carbs and 4-speed shift. Sprite can sprint...and keep on going!

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Of course you'll be tempted! (But even if you never race, the control you must always have is there.) There are big disc brakes up front and 7" drums in the rear. Sprite's stopping power is commensurate with its performance.

Of course you'll be tempted...tempted to prove that *your* Sprite can do as handsomely as it looks. We have wrapped everything in the

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All this and roll-up windows.

All this and 30 plus m.p.g.

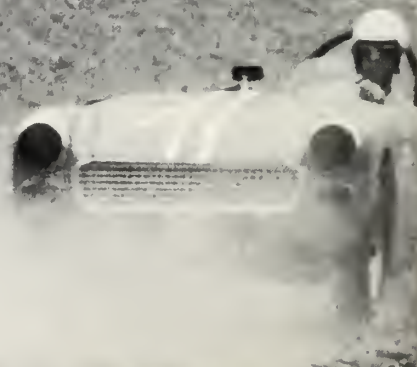
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AUSTIN
HEALEY

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The University of Massachusetts

Yaboo

"A dead bird never flies at night"

—Worcester Fats

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DAN GLOS BAND

ART EDITOR
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BUSINESS MANAGER
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ERIK KRAMER
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LESLIE SWAN
DONNA LA CHANCE
THE BIG BOYS
and, of course
JANE



See Page 11

VOLUME XII NO. 2

DISTINGUISHED PRINTING
BY
HAMILTON I. NEWELL

Mass Histeria



The campus was shocked yesterday when President Lederle announced mobilization to repel a Viet Cong attack on Umieland. Word reached South College early yesterday morning that the enemy contingent was moving down Route 9, over the Calvin Coolidge Bridge and approaching Amherst. It was followed by a small group of cheering bearded UMass students, bearded Amherst College students and bearded Smith College students (who formed a Bicycle Brigade). Lederle then ran to a computer to find out what to do.

It was expected that the Cong would either try a frontal attack on Alumni Stadium or flank UMass with a siege on North Pleasant Street. Allied forces, however, were stationed in the Orchard. Lederle then ordered 200 ROTC majors to mobilize but they fled in terror to the Registrars office to drop their courses.

The Cong then split their forces to attack in the expected areas and the first defeat was suffered at Alumni Stadium; Cong-14, Redmen-0, thus killing another bowl bid. The second battalion poured down North Pleasant Street but were slowed down by the Amherst Police who mistook the Cong for UMass hitchhikers.

The second battalion moved north and bombarded the County Circle Dorms, however, the Cong bombardiers (not to be confused with the Senator) inflicted a Pyrric victory for our side, as

those dorms were slated for demolition anyway. The Cong's first real defeat was suffered at the hands of the County Circle residents who drove the enemy off with pitchforks and baby bottles. The battalion was forced to re-route around the South West Complex. (They would have attacked but the contractors bought them off.)

The Cong battalion decided to rejoin the second battalion but it was first necessary to attack Alpha Sig and AEPI, Pi was out siezing the Greek section of the Index again and Alpha Sig mistook the Cong for SAE's returning to take back the house, and fled, thus leaving no resistance to the battalion.

The Cong reunited on North Pleasant Street and pressed on to campus amidst a hail of bottles from fraternity row. Approaching the campus itself, the Cong thwarted an attempt by Catholic missionaries from the Newman Center to convert them, but then entered a well laid trap. The first decisive blow was struck by Chief "Red" Blasco who originally believed the invasion to be a panty raid. In any case the well laid, cleverly conceived, acute trap was sprung by Andy's Garage who towed the Cong tanks for not possessing campus stickers and a number of the enemy had to pay fines.

The next defeat was suffered when the Cong stopped at the South Commons for provisions. Needless to say, what followed

was several platoons expiring in the Infirmary Waiting Room.

Still, a sizable number of Cong remained. They swung around Hasbrouck to attack the Union. Entering the back of the Hatch, they were greeted by more bearded fellow travelers and like everyone else, the battalion of Viet Cong passed through the Hatch unnoticed. Finding no place to sit and blinded by the new colors, they passed on. The Pond was the only thing standing between South College, Machmer and defeat.

Cold, steely-eyed General Lederle, panicking in indecision, waited in the War Room of South College for his Staff, several computers, to come up with something. Suddenly, his staff clicked out the answer.

At Ten o'clock A.M. the bells of Old Chapel tolled Thirteen.

Ten Thousand Umies piled down to the Pond in expectation of some kind of a premature Spring Day. The Cong were overwhelmed by the festivities as bands played and students drowned. Soon, the whole mass drove off to the Rifle Range, the beer trucks drove up and the Cong threat was over. The State Police arrested most of them for drunkenness but some careened off into the woods.

And so, it was over. But the rustic old farmers tell us that late at night, they can still hear voices yelling "Jumping Buddha" and singing about Mao's mother, piercing the forest primeval.

\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$

CONTEST!

**YES, GANG!
TO OUR
1000TH
SUBSCRIBER
WILL GO THESE
FABULOUS
PRIZES**

★ ★ ★

ADOLF HITLER'S BODY

★ ★ ★

THE DEED TO THE
NEWMAN CENTER

★ ★ ★

THE EIFFEL TOWER

★ ★ ★

A CHANCE TO BE
EDITOR OF THE
COLLEGIAN FOR
A WEEK

(Breaking the all time record)

★ ★ ★

AND MORE!

★ ★ ★

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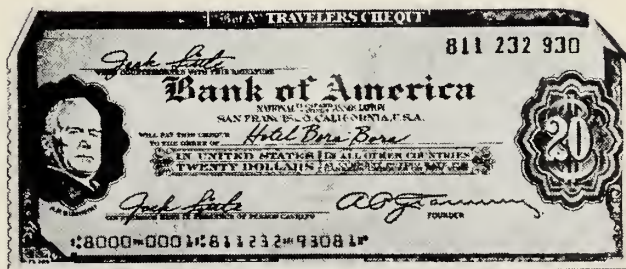
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The franc is local currency in Tahiti.

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The following is non-fiction. Perhaps some of you have heard of a course called "Social Problems," Soc 275, in which students were assigned to break a social norm and draw conclusions. Some students decided to lift weights in the Hatch, use a typewriter in the Libe, and one even wandered into a church dressed as Santa Claus and emptied the collection plate in his bag. The following is a real paper by a real person who broke a social norm. The reactions are quite interesting.

A Day In The Life Of An Amateur Pimp

by
DAN GLOS BAND



The norm which I have chosen to violate is strongly enough institutionalized in our society that violation of it is also violation of the law. Were I to become actively engaged in pursuing the practice which I shall use to create a social problem, carrying it several steps farther than I shall, I would truly be considered a criminal and a deviant, from the point of view of the law.

I refer above to the institutionalized expectations of our society which discourage and prohibit prostitution and related activities. Sanctions against deviance from this norm vary with different segments of society, but are based, as are many of our norms, in middle class Protestant ethic. These sanctions exist, in law, in all levels of society. Confrontation with deviance may run the full gamut of expected patterns: approval, tolerance, and disapproval.

Enough said on the norm. I had better explain carefully how and to what extent I intend to deviate from it, lest you find yourself forced to turn me over to local authorities. I plan to become a 'pimp for a day' so to speak. However, I shall be a rare breed of pimp; a pimp *sans* prostitute.

My plan of attack is to approach a number of individuals, inform them that myself and my roommates are importing a 'hooker' for a specific future evening, and that for the lowly fee of three dollars, they can get a piece of the action. On my person at all times will be an appointment book, actually a note-

book in which to record reactions, and the introduction to this paper, in case any should become incensed enough to threaten exposure to some sort of authority.

* * *

After a full day of pimping, I would definitely hesitate to consider it as a possible career. The clients I approached might provide a comfortable living, but my conscience might respond with a rather uncomfortable ulcer. The major problem I encountered was one of approach—just how do you go up to someone and try to interest him in such a morally questionable service? About twenty minutes of concentrated effort was necessary to dispel initial apprehensions, and, as I made my first approach, I was still mildly panicked.

Most of the fears revolved around the uncertainty of what the approacher's reactions would be, and how I would answer any questions he might ask. As it turned out, the first contact was the most difficult, but far from the ordeal I had imagined. I informed my mark of a stag party which I had planned, and added that there was to be a prostitute available for three dollars a throw. His response was not as I expected, by any means. I had envisioned at least disbelief and had expected refusal of such an offer, but instead received unquestioning compliance. "Do you mind if I come?" was the first thing he said, then "Should I bring my own brew?" Immediately after confirming his in-

itation, he changed the subject, and didn't return to it during the rest of the half hour that I spoke with him. Both of us, it seemed, felt somewhat guilty about the contract we had just made. The feeling of guilt on my part was resultant from being put in a position of conflict with a strongly sanctioned norm. I assume that his attitude reflected a similar position.

Heartened by the ease of my first transaction, I found the second customer easier to approach. His reaction was much livelier than the first, but, again, not the negative one I had anticipated. In answer to a similarly extended party invitation, the second client put forth a questioning "Yeh," to which I nodded assent, and thus precipitated an "Oh boy!" He too was noticeably silent after his agreement, and seemed as uneasy as I. Both complied willingly in breaking a moral norm, but neither was willing to carry on a discussion of the subject—reminiscent of the old bathroom analogy. We go there, but we don't talk about it.

Other subsequent contacts produced, for the most part, similar results. There were two later encounters which proved the most interesting of all. The first was fairly easy for me to begin, as I knew the individual well, and perhaps this factor influenced his reaction. He questioned me thoroughly and openly. I approached him with the same story I had used on the others, but he reacted quite differently. His first question was as to

(Next Page)

whether or not one of my roommates was "in on the deal." When I assured him that they were all partaking of the bounty, he assented readily. If it's good enough for them, it's good enough for me, or the safety in numbers approach.

After deciding to embark on this adventure, he became highly animated about its potential content: "Are you going to use your bed?" I told him that we had a spare couch. "How old is she... Where did you find her... Where is she from... Is she white... How many guys are there going to be...?" I answered as best I could, and then asked for a pledge of silence on the subject, professing a fear of arrest. "I wouldn't say anything, I'd hate to have to spend next semester living it down," he said.

Despite his relative ease, his last statement about "living it down" showed his full awareness of societal sanctions. After his initial excitement had abated, he too changed the subject and hesitated to refer back to it. Although the person knew me and was obviously excited about his forthcoming engagement, he showed a sense of doing something wrong. He wanted to violate the norm, but was still afraid of the societal stigma attached to such action. I didn't feel as guilty when dealing with him as with the others, for I found his reactions rather humorous, and had some difficulty maintaining my composure.

The last reaction worth recording was of a somewhat different nature. When invited to our party, the client responded to the affirmative, but then began to show a strong concern for the sanctions which might be applied to me. The others were not particularly concerned with my welfare—I hope he wasn't contemplating blackmail. His awareness of the norms is most easily illustrated by his statements: "Yeh, I'm coming. You have to be really careful with something like that, you know. You could get seriously handled if you got caught... No, I won't say anything to anyone about it, I don't want to see you get in trouble." I felt like a heel for

leading him on, but found little difficulty in so doing. I was becoming more proficient in my trade as I gained experience.

On my part, I could feel the anxiety of the subjects as we first broached the issue. My own reactions of guilt indicated quite clearly that I had a stronger regard for the norm than I had realized before coming into conflict with it. I knew that I was breaking the norm as a test, yet I still showed as much anxiety as my 'clients.' My reaction surprised me more than that of any of my subjects, for I knew what I was doing and why.

Creating this particular problem indicated the potential for disobedience of a middle class norm, even in that haven of the middle class, the state university. While all were ready to disobey, none could do so without some feeling of remorse. This similarity of feeling suggests that the norm against prostitution as a form of extra-marital sex is strongly internalized in the middle class youth, yet not strongly enough to prohibit violation.

In closing, allow me to note a couple of funny sidelights. Both are statements by subjects, and neither are particularly relevant to the subject matter. One queried, "Why don't you have some skin flicks too, it'd make for a better party?" Another came up to me as I was typing the final portion of this paper and asked, "How would it be if I brought the Polaroid?"

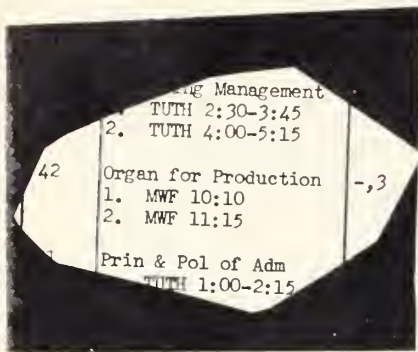


say it with
flowers
from KNOWLES

WINN



JEWELERS



**Another example of
liberal education
—from the "Schedule
of Courses Book-Spring"**



The guide on the sight seeing bus driving through our state capital was pointing out the points of interest as the bus went along.

"On our left," said the guide, "is the Revere house."

"Sam Revere?" asked a little old lady in the back.

"No! Paul Revere." the guide replied, shaking his head.

Further on...

"On our right is the Adams house," stated the guide.

"Harold Adams?" she asked.

"John Adams!" spoke the guide as the rest of the tourists muttered to themselves.

Further still...

"On our left is Christ church."

And a pause until somebody roared, "Come on, lady! You can't be wrong all the time."

* * *

How about the guy walking down the street with one glove. His friend walks up.

"What's the matter. Lose a glove?"

"No, I found this one..."

* * *

Good, huh...?

* * *

Well in that case...

A guy walked into a drug store to get something for his arthritis.

"Ben-Gay?"

"No, but we're keeping an eye on Harry..."

Sadie: "I like this resort. All the men are so full of passion."

Lulu: "Passion, hell! This is a health resort for asthma victims."

* * *

There's a new organization on campus in support of the preservation of wooden toilet seats. It's called the Birch John Society.

* * *

Policeman to a couple in a parked car: "You're under arrest, and I'll see you at home, Mable."

There's not much point in ordering a sizzling steak, grandpop, if your hearing aid is out of order.

* * *

A doctor sent a bill to a lady as follows: "For curing your husband till he died."

* * *

Jack was wheeling his infant twins down the street when a woman stopped and gushed over them. "Are they twins?" she asked.

"Oh, no," said Jack, "I've got two wives."



R. PAIGE ORTIE &
FRANK ZORETICH

"Father... there's a boy outside... his name is Chuck..."

The wife came home with a brand new mink coat. Her husband said, "Where the heck did you get that?"

She replied, "I won it in a raffle."

The following night she walked in with a beautiful diamond bracelet. Again the husband asked, "Where the heck did you get that?"

Her reply was the same, "I won it at a raffle." Then she added, "And dear, would you do me a favor. I expect to go to another raffle party tonight and I'm in a hurry. Would you mind drawing my bath?" The husband did as instructed but when his wife came in to take her bath, she found that there was only a half-inch of water in the tub.

"Dear," she asked, "Why didn't you fill the tub?"

"Well, darling," he answered, "I didn't want you to get your raffle ticket wet!"

* * *

One of the laziest guys we know of is the one who took his bride up to the bridal suite in a San Francisco hotel and waited for an earthquake.

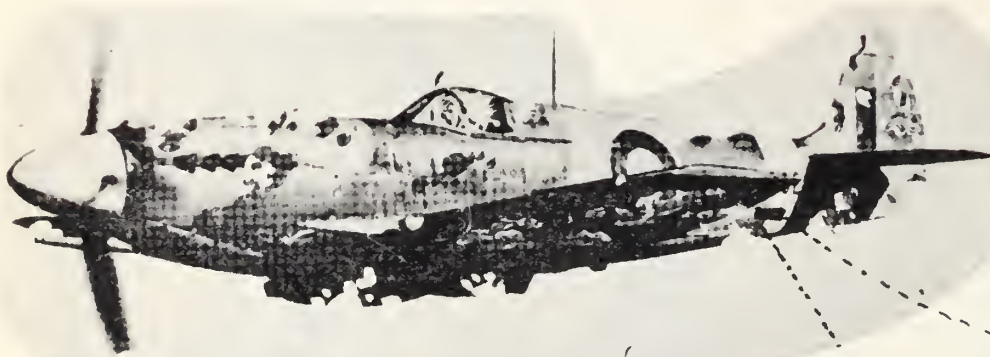




Caution: Cigarette Smoking
May Be Hazardous to Your Health.



CAUTION



Caution: Brain
Tumors May Be
Hazardous
To Your Health.

Caution: Boeing 727
Can Be Hazardous
To Your Health.



Caution: Your Skin
May Be Hazardous
To Your Health.



Caution: Working For
Spectre May Be
Hazardous To Your
Health.



THE GILDED CAGE

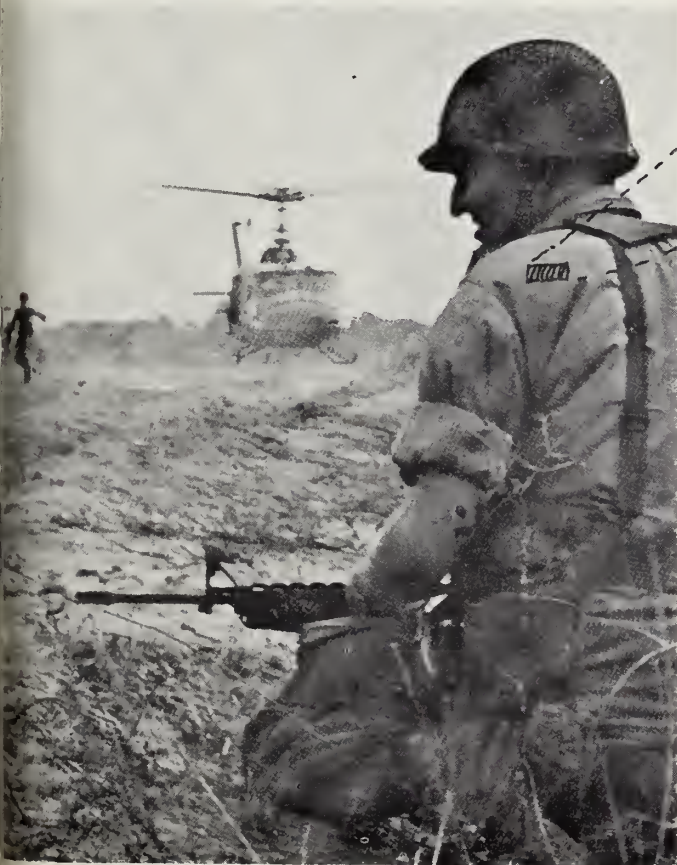
Caution: Explosions
May Be Hazardous
To Your Health.

Caution: Bubonic
Plague May Be
Hazardous
To Your Health.

Caution: Automobiles
May Be Hazardous
To Your Health.

Caution: Draft
Cards May Be
Hazardous
To Your Health.

Caution: Nuclear
Warfare May Be
Hazardous
To Your Health.



A wolf lounging in a hotel lobby perked up when an attractive lady passed by. When his standard "good evening, dear" brought nothing more than a frigid glance, he sarcasmed: "Pardon me, I thought you were my mother."

"I couldn't be," she replied icily, "I'm married!"

* * *

Mother: (Putting her four year old son to bed.) "Shhhh! The sandman is coming..."

The kid: "Give me a quarter and I won't tell Daddy."

* * *

Yushnik claims he saw one of those rare phenomena of nature, a Lang. and Lit. major in front of the library carrying *The Poems of John Donne*, approach an Arab exchange student who was perusing a copy of the works of Sa'id al Fawazi, the famed Arab historian, and asked him how he could interest himself in such dull and difficult material. "Well," replied the Arab, "it's easier Sa'id than Donne."



"PUPILS..."

SHATTER- PROOF GLASSES



**DON
CALL**

BOAT RIDE

With a wet salty slap
the sea hit me in the face
and I thought for sure
the boat would sink
coming back from the island
the waves tore over us
that damn reef
was roaring close
we bailed and
bailed some more
thoughts of Nietzsche
didn't help too much
god may be dead
but it felt good to yell
—god damn it—
to have said
—Nietzsche damn it—
would have been
god damn little help.

—John Childs

Once upon a time in a faroff land there lived a wicked ruler named King Dei. He was terrifically oppressive in everything he did. All the people of the kingdom hated him, and wanted to drive him out. They held secret meetings, and decided to incite a revolution, throw out Dei, and invite the popular hero, Agenen Udder, to rule them.

One dark night they completed preparations and massed for a gigantic attack on Dei's palace. All was in readiness, huge groups of armed peasants waited tensely in the darkness for the order to attack. Finally it came, and they moved silently toward the palace, surrounding it completely. Then, in one massive forward movement, they began to charge, chanting in unison as they smashed down the palace gates, "Dei Dei, go away. Come, Agenen Udder, reign!"



Yahoo Queen

This issue, *Yahoo* presents

MISS SANDY PIERCE

a junior here at the good old University of Massachusetts. Sandy lives in Mary Lyon and is in SDT. She also drives a red Ferrari Berlinetta and vacations on the Riviera. Either that or drives a red Riviera and vacations in Berlin, we forget which . .

—Photography,
Rick Jacobs

Yahoo Queen
Spring, 1966





B L I N D D A T E S M A N S H I P



Remaining one-up on your date is especially difficult if he or she is a "fix-up" or "Blind" date. By definition, your date doesn't know you, so it is impossible for you to know what her "sensitive" areas are or to what degree you must prod or attack them to establish supremacy. Through exhaustive field work we have compiled several helpful little "dumps" which will enable anyone of average intelligence to gain that invaluable first point and remain one-up in almost any situation.

Picking Up and Introduction to Your Date:

This is the most crucial moment of the entire conflict (date). It is best to direct your attack at personal appearances and mannerism. Keep in mind that you must be at least relatively subtle or she will go screaming back into the dorm, but gaining the advantage here is the key, and a setback may never be overcome.

For Example:

"Did some one put out the fire on your face with an ice pick?"

* * *

"Gee, you don't sweat much for a fat girl."

* * *

"Why do you look like the inside of a pizza?"

* * *

"Because I saw your class ring when you picked your nose."

* * *

"No, your slip isn't showing. It's your pants."

* * *

"Clothes by Barnum and Bailey?"

I—Picking Her Up —

SHE: "Hi, my name is . . ."

HE: "So what?"

* * *

SHE: "Hi, my name is . . ."

HE: "Fine, but where's my date?"

SHE: "Where are we going?"

HE: "A nice dark secluded place where . . ."

SHE: "Oh Boy!"

HE: " . . . where no one will see you."

II—The Movies —

SHE: "Yeech!"

HE: "Oh, is this your first skin flick?"

* * *

HE: "How'd you like the movie?"

SHE: "I thought it was wonderful."

HE: "Personally I considered it quite dull."

* * *

HE: "How'd you like the movie?"

SHE: "I thought it was dull."

HE: "Actually, an understanding of the symbolism makes it quite exciting."

III—Dinner —

HE: "Would you like a drink before dinner?"

SHE: "No . . ."

HE: "I can't stand people who don't drink because they're afraid of what they'll do when their inhibitions are lowered."

* * *

HE: "Would you like a drink before dinner?"

SHE: "Yes . . ."

HE: "Fine, but personally I believe that indulgence is contrary to the word of God . . ."

* * *

HE: "Do you always pick your nose with the fork?"

IV—Goodnight —

HE: "My darling, I sweat like a pig for you."

* * *

HE: "I've been in love with you since the first time we met."

SHE: "When was that?"

HE: "I don't remember."

* * *

SHE: "I'm saving it for my husband."

HE: "Good luck . . ."

* * *

SHE: "I don't believe in kissing on the first date."

HE: "How about on the last date?"

* * *

SHE: "Good night."

HE: "Goodbye."

V—Equal Time —

HE: How do you like my car?"

SHE: "The eight ball on the stick shift is very nice."

* * *

HE: "Hi, I'm your blind date."

SHE: "I know, I saw your white cane when you came in . . ."

* * *

SHE: "Did you have to vomit on my madras skirt?"

* * *

HE: "How do you like the Brothers?"

SHE: "It was clever of them to drill a peephole in the wall."

* * *

HE: "What do you think of my new shirt?"

SHE: "It goes nicely with your teeth."

And Finally —

HE: "Bob, your beard is caught on my earring."

A young Negro minister, newly assigned to his church, decided that attendance at the services was too low. He decided to embark on a door-to-door campaign to encourage his parishioners to attend. Calling at the first home, he was greeted by a woman who cried out, "Nat!! why Nat King Cole, I never thought I'd see you in this neighborhood. Come on in and visit a while."

The minister sternly replied, "Madam, I am not Nat King Cole. I am your minister, and if you had been in church last Sunday, you would know it."

At the next home a woman answered the door and exclaimed, "Oh, I just can't believe it, Nat King Cole comin' to visit me!" Again the minister admonished the woman and instructed her to attend church more regularly.

At the next four or five houses the minister was greeted with the same reaction; all thinking he was Nat King Cole. Stopping at the last house on the block, the minister rang the bell. The door was answered by a beautiful young woman wearing a

flimsy negligee, she looked at the minister and asked, "Say, aren't you Nat King Cole?" The minister replied, "Ramb - lin Rose..."

"Waiter, what's this fly doing in my soup?"

"A backstroke?"

"Oh, I see..."

Yes sir...

A house of ill fame is a whore house that got a bad name.

She wouldn't for a Swede, but she would for a Fin.



Newsboy: "Extra! Extra! Read all about it. Two men swindled."

Passerby: "Give me one— Say there isn't anything in here abot two men swindled."

Newsboy: "Extra! Extra! Three men swindled."



I'll Have A Hamburg, French Fries And A Coke.



PROCEDURE. The student shall dissect a frog and examine its internal organs.

Name of Student. E. MYRON FOGARTY

Labrotorie report on cutting up a frog.
Plan. I will get a frog and a sharp nife,
which with I will cut opin the frog whilst
he is alive. I will studdie carfulley his
inherds, for the purpuss of gaining sci-
entifik knolledge.

Part One. Mr Higgins give me a frog, a nife,
and a pan of stuff like jello. I grapt the
frog by his hine legs and I beet his head
on the edge of the lab bench so he wood
not bight. When he was woosie and ready
for scientifik investigashun. I stuck thum-
tax in his focts and pinned him aganst
the jello, with his bellie in frount.

Part Two. Soon the frog begun ones
agan to kick, and feering his eskape,
I scientifikully rammd the shiv in his
stumak. Ther was a stickie dark red
flooid which ouzed out from whence

I stabbed him. This was kind of fun so I druv the shiv in him again. I noted that the more I stabbed him the more he Kick-ed. Soon he begun to Kick less and less each time I stabbed him and finalley he Kicked not at all. I went to Mr. Hig-gens and got a new frog.

Part Three. I throuh what was left of the old frog in the wase bascet then put the new one in its place. I was determint to learn more from this frog by conduktng a more scientifik experemint. I made too insessyuns One akross his tummy and the other up and down. I peelt the skin away so I could see better. It was Kinda silverry inside so I cut deeper and found his innerds, which I Scientifikully scoopt out with a spoon.

Part Fore. I got a woodin-handil fork, upon which I put the frog. I turnd on a bunsin burnur and held the frog, who Kicked not much too terrible now, above it. Soon the smell of roa-stid frog filled the labb and Mr. Hig-gens made me share him with the othur Kids.

The End.

R. P. I. BACHELOR

BETTY AND BOB

YAHOO NOW TAKES YOU BACK TO
SOMETIME, CAREFULLY CUT OUT
CLOTHES, AND THEN TAKE OFF THE

BLONDE
STREAK IN HAIR
FOR
BETTY
PAPERDOLL



PIMPLES FOR
BETTY
PAPERDOLL
BE CAREFUL WITH SCISSORS

PINS FOR BETTY
PAPERDOLL



TIGHT SWEATER
FOR BETTY
PAPERDOLL



OP-ART
STOCKINGS
FOR
BETTY
PAPERDOLL



UMASS COED
TYPE FACE
FOR
BETTY PAPERDOLL



FALSIES
FOR
BETTY PAPERDOLL

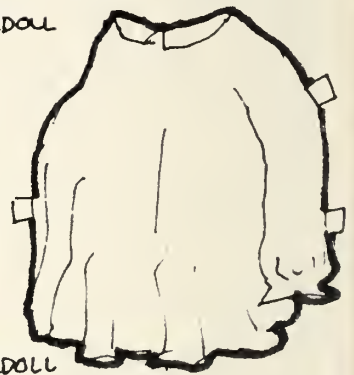
BIRTH CONTROL PILLS
FOR BETTY PAPERDOLL

ENGAGEMENT RING
FROM RICH JEWISH
MED STUDENT
FOR
BETTY
PAPERDOLL



GO-GO BOOTS
FOR
BETTY
PAPERDOLL

MATERNITY BLOUSE
FOR
BETTY PAPERDOLL



REAL TIGHT
SHRUNK-IN-
HOT-SHOWER
WHITE LEVIS
FOR
BETTY
PAPERDOLL



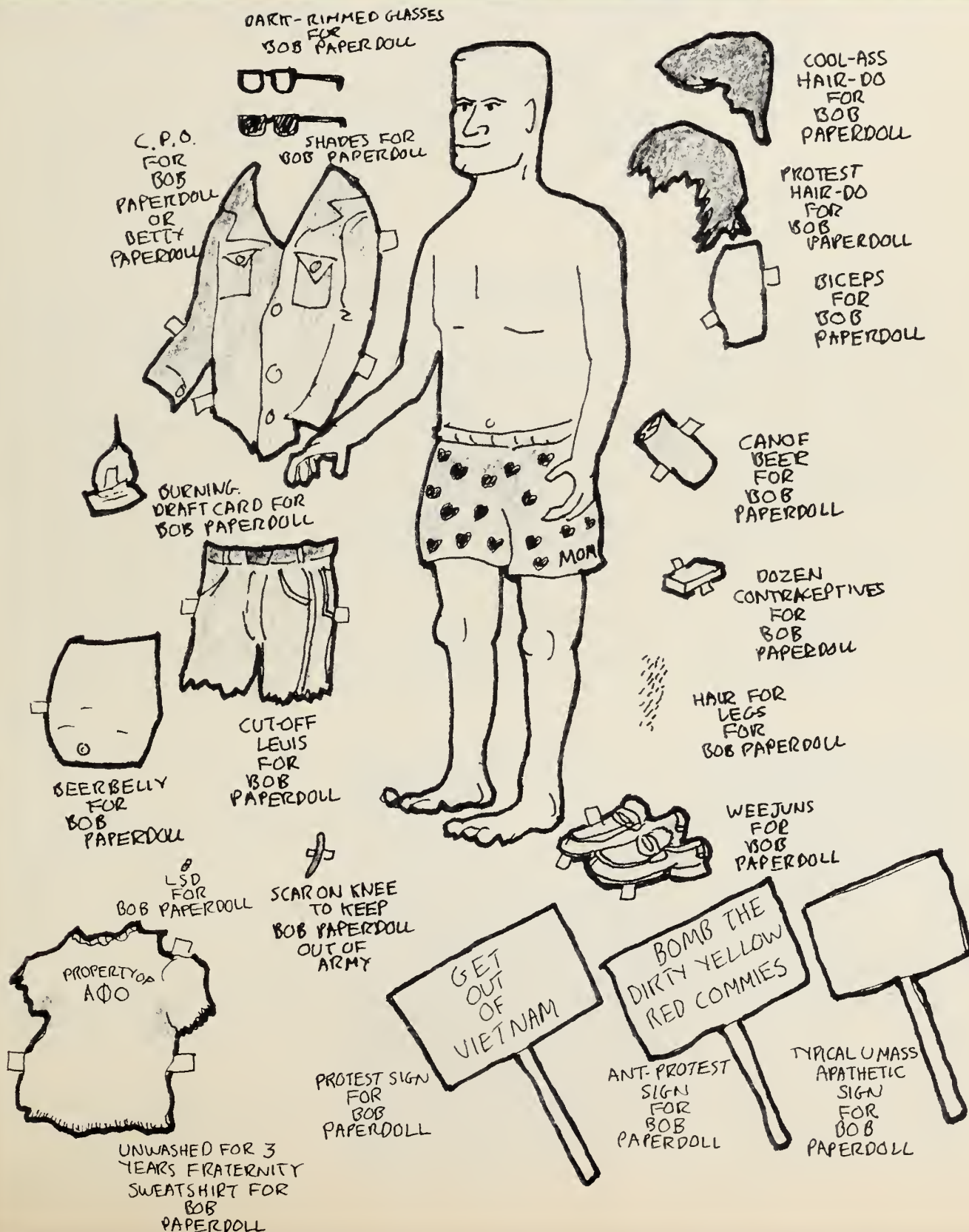
NO SWEATER
FOR
BETTY
PAPERDOLL



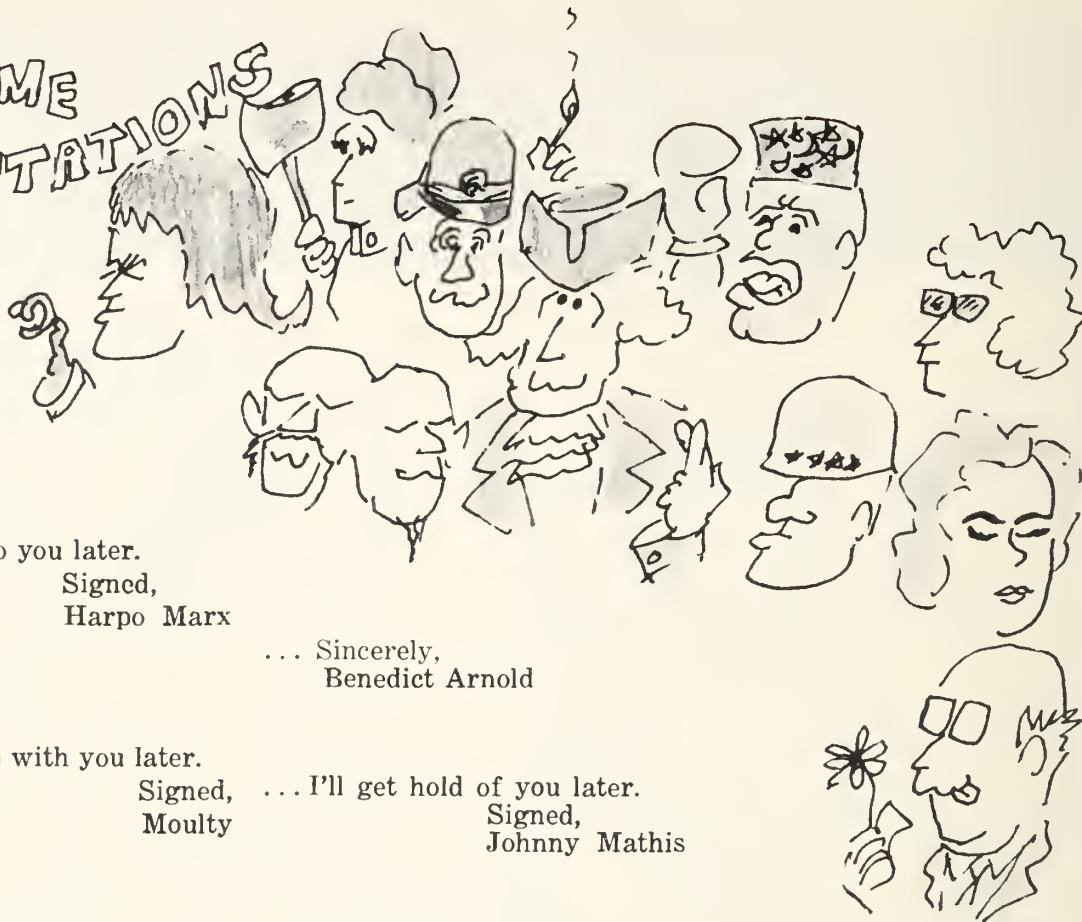
"LILABNER" BOOTS
FOR EITHER BOB
OR BETTY PAPERDOLL

PAPER DOLL

YS OF YESTERDAY. LAST WEEK
D BETTY AND PUT ON THEIR
THES AND CLOSE PAGES TOGETHER.



SOME SALUTATIONS



... I'll speak to you later.

Signed,
Harpo Marx

... Sincerely,
Benedict Arnold

... I'll hook up with you later.

Signed,
Moulty

... I'll get hold of you later.
Signed,
Johnny Mathis

... Hang in there.

Signed,
Tom Dooley

... Come again.

Signed,
Liz Taylor

... Next time I'm driving
through.

Signed,
Fireball Roberts

... Until we meet again.

Signed,
The Siamese Twins

... Keep in touch.

Signed,
Walter Jenkins.

... Regards to your Father.

Signed,
Candy

... God be with you.

Signed,
Madalyn Murray

... Humbly,
Cassius Clay

... Regards to your Mother.

Signed,
Oedipus.

... It was a real gas.

Signed,
Adolf Eichman

... Wish you were here.

Signed,
Gen. Westmoreland

Greetings ...,

... Regards to your Mother.

Signed,
Lizzie Borden

... Wish you wer here.

Signed,
Newcomb Mott

... Signed,
General Hershey.

... Wish you were here.

Signed,
The Gilded Cage

... See you the next time I'm not
doing anything.

Signed,
Dwight Eisenhower

... If I don't hear from you
soon, I'll be seeing you.

Signed,
Helen Keller.



Why does it take 31 Polacks to waterski?

One to ski and 30 to pull the lake.

* * *

Why did the Polack write his initials on his fingernail?

He wanted a monogrammed handkerchief.

* * *

What's black and blue and lies on the floor?

Guys who tell Polack jokes.

* * *

What do you get when you cross a Polack with a chimpanzee?

A three foot tall janitor.

* * *

Who ruled successfully for generations over millions of Polacks?

John L. Lewis.

* * *

Did you hear about the Polack woman who traded a menstrual cycle for a Honda 90?

* * *

How about the Polack who went into the restaurant and got stabbed 48 times.

He tried to eat with a fork.

* * *

What do you call 28 Polack girls in a swimming pool?

Bay of Pigs.

* * *

Did you hear about the Polish Kamikaze pilot who flew 37 missions?

"Listen lady, you're the ugliest woman I ever saw."

"Well you're the drunkest man I ever saw."

"I know lady, but I'll get over it in the morning."

* * *

A yong woman went to the psychiatrist. "Doctor, when I'm in the next room I develop a dreadful fear. I'm so afraid I won't hear it if the baby falls out of his crib. What can I do?"

"Easy," said the doctor. "Just take the carpet off the floor."

* * *

The Greek god, Thor, was sitting in a cloud when one day he said to himself, "I wonder what it would be like to be a

mortal man and have sexual relations with a woman."

So he found out, and went back to his cloud.

Upon arriving at his cloud, he said to himself, "I should have told that woman who I was." So he went to her house, smashed down the door and screamed, "I AM THOR!"

The woman looked and said, "Tho am I, I can hardly walk."

* * *

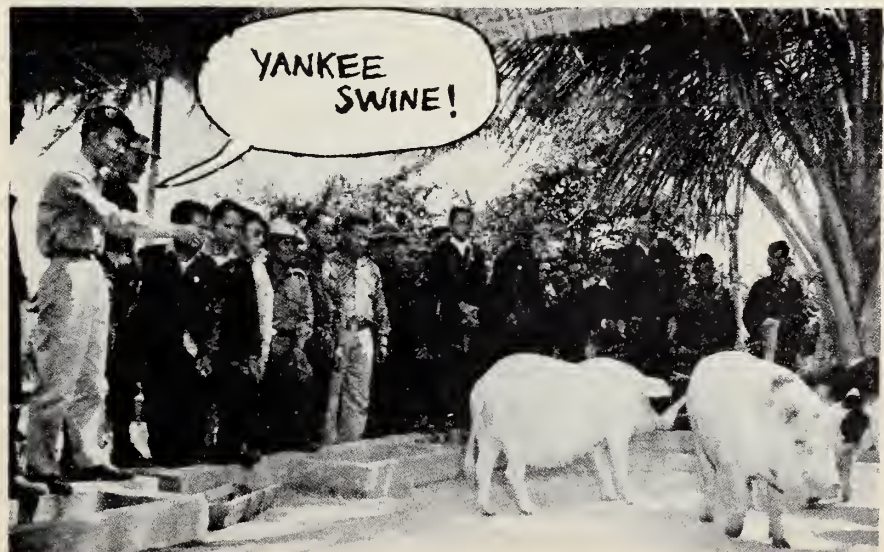
She was only a telegrapher's daughter, but she diddit... diddit... diddit...

* * *

What do you get after a forest fire?

Crispy Critters?

HOHOHAHEEHEHOYUK

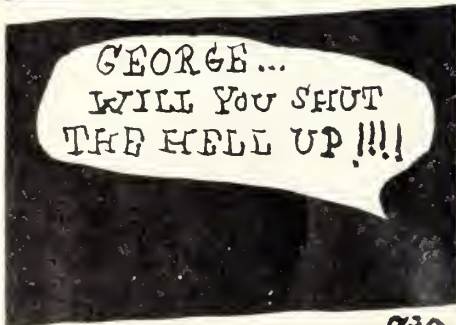


During the war a young American pilot landed his plane on an aircraft carrier and rushed up to the skipper.

"What a day I've had!" he claimed, "I've shot down several Jap planes, sank a destroyer and left a cruiser listing."

"Good, Yankee," replied the skipper, "but you make one velly bad mistake."

* * *



GIG

The scene, a golf course.

A priest and his caddie, a nun, are out for a short game.

Hole one, par four; 285 yards.

The priest makes a good drive with #1 wood and drives it on to the green.

He misses his long putt.

"Goddammit! Missed."

"Please, father, you shouldn't use such language."

Hole two, par four; 305 yards.

The priest misses the left dog-leg and drives into rough.

"Goddammit! Missed again!"

"Please, father, you'll be punished for such language."

Hole three, par three; 265 yards.

The priest drives into the green. He overshoots a short putt.

"Goddammit! Missed again!"

"Please, father, something terrible is going to happen."

Hole four, par three; 295 yards.

The sky has grayed over. Dark clouds scud over the field.

The priest drives into a stream.

"Goddammit! Missed again!"

"Oh, father, be careful."

The priest uses his wedge and puts the ball further into the stream. The sky has gone wild.

"God..."

Just then a terrific bolt of lightning shoots from the sky and strikes the nun dead.

The clouds part for a moment and from the azure space a deep voice imports, "Goddammit! Missed!"

* * *

She took off her shoes and nylons. He took off his shoes, socks and pants. She took off her dress, panties, and brassiere. He took off his shirt and shorts. She put on a tight-fitting silk nightie. He put on his red striped pajamas. He climbed into the right side of the bed. She climbed into the left side. He faced toward the left. She faced toward the right. He reached and turned out the lamp. She pulled the cord on the table light.

He was in the Waldorf in New York. She was in the Statler in St. Louis. So they both turned over and went to sleep.

COLLEGE APPAREL



CLIFF

ALLEN



THE
ROVIN
HAUS



"WHO ARE THOSE ANIMALS
HE'S HANGING AROUND
WITH..."



The boys down at the local pub had heard that one of their oldest buddies was at death's door. He had to live with one of his married children who, alas, had no space in the house and so the old man had to pass his last days in the attic.

They decided to visit their buddy to cheer him up. Crawling up the trap door to the attic, they told stories of when they were young, all the good times and when they were about to leave, the color was looking healthy in the old man's smiling face.

And so, glad to have cheered up their old friend, they left and on the way out, the last man bumped his head on the trap door of the attic and exclaimed, "God, they'll NEVER get a coffin out of here..."

The newlyweds were honeymooning at the seashore. As they walked arm and arm along the beach, the young groom looked poetically out to sea and cried:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark ocean, roll!"

His bride gazed at the water for a moment and then in a hushed tone gasped, "Oh Bob, it's doing it."

Smoke Marlboro, it's a man's ciggyboo.

A spinster, on her first visit to the big city, registered at a large hotel. The clerk at the desk succeeded in convincing her that it was best for her comfort and convenience to engage a whole section of rooms. As she was making herself at home in her living room, bedroom, bath, and kitchenette, she came upon a bottle of bitters standing on a table. With righteous indignation she called the desk and demanded to speak to the clerk.

"Young man," she said angrily, "I've found a bottle of bitters in my room."

"I'm sorry, lady," he replied, "you've got to take the bitters with the Suite."

"So you want to marry my daughter, eh, young man? That's ridiculous! Why, you couldn't even keep her in underwear."

"You haven't been doing too well yourself, sir."





On a cold December night, two old codgers were huddled close to an old pot-bellied stove in their creaky farm house. The wind was howling down the rain spouts and moaning as it forced through the cracks in the door and walls. Suddenly the two strange fellows heard a terrible crash outside. Startled from their bull session, the two rambled outside to see what was the matter.

The noise seemed to be coming directly from a small shed with a crescent moon piece cut from the door (for you city slickers, it was the outhouse). Upon investigation, the farmers determined that something had fallen down into the "well" which didn't seem to be pleasant a fate for whatever was down there.

One old guy peered down into the darkness of the pit and spied what looked like a buck with antlers. The two grabbed the antlers and pulled for all they were worth. All their pulling got themselves a deer, a reindeer. They looked in the hole again and saw more antlers. After a while they had managed to pull eight deer from the pit.

Suddenly they heard a sputtering and choking sound and looked down again. Reaching back into the recess, they pulled up a fat old man, dressed in a red suit with, what used to be,

a white beard. The old guy was cussing for all he was worth, wiping himself off as best he could for anyone who had been in his predicament.

After calming down to where the old farmers could understand him, the fat man shouted, "Dammit, Rudolph, I said the Schmidt house!"

A cannibal, a inmate in a lunatic asylum, noticed a fellow

cannibal tearing pictures of men, women, and children out of a magazine and stuffing them into his mouth.

He observed this for a few minutes. Finally he walked over and asked, "Is that dehydrated stuff any good?"

"Daddy," said little Johnny, "I want to get married."

"Very well, son," replied his father, "and who do you want to marry?"

"Grandma" was the answer.

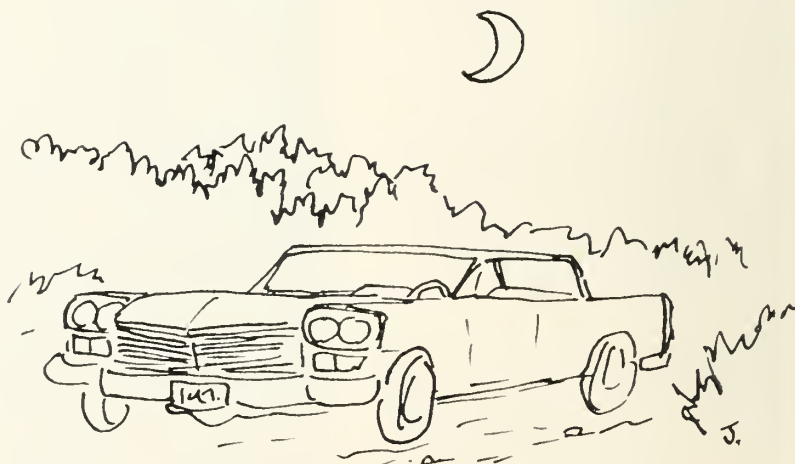
"Hold on there," said Daddy. "You don't think I'd let you marry my mother, do you?"

"Why not," answered the son. "You married mine, didn't you?"

Walking along a dimly-lighted street, a gentleman was suddenly approached by a stranger moving out of the shadows nearby.

"Please, sir," said the stranger, "would you be so kind as to help a poor unfortunate fellow who is hungry and out of work? All I have in the world is this gun."

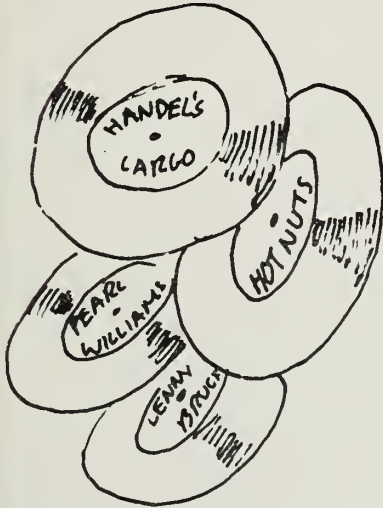
"My father and mother were first cousins," the freshman explained to his instructor. "I guess that's why I look so much alike."



"OH, MR. QUINN ... SO THAT'S WHY THEY CALL YOU 'ZORBA THE GREEK' ..."

STILL MORE

RECORD DEDICATIONS



UMIE COEDS (I CAN'T GET NO) SATISFACTION
JUNE GRADS WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE
DRAFT BOARD CATCH ME IF YOU CAN
WINTER HORROR SHOWS BLUE MOON
CAMPUS POND SWAN LAKE
MED. SCHOOL 100 MILES
UMASS BOSTON DOWN IN THE BOONDOCKS
DRUNKEN DRIVER TESTS I WALK THE LINE
CONTRACEPTION PILLS
THE MEN IN MY LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE
COMMUTERS 40 MILES OF BAD ROAD
GARY BOMBARDIER EVERYBODY LOVES A CLOWN
SENIOR WEEK WILD WEEKEND
N.Y. TRANSIT STRIKE WALK RIGHT IN
KU KLUX KLAN WHITE CHRISTMAS
SORORITIES THIS DIAMOND RING
INFIRMARY MOULTY
EASTMAN LANE UP AND DOWN
FRATERNITIES PLEDGE OF A FOOL
YOUNG INDEPENDENTS GREEN BERET
SHE WOULDN'T FOR A SWEDE NORWEGIAN WOOD
CHIEF BLASCO TICKET TO RIDE
FRATERNITY ROW WALK ON THE WILD SIDE
ALL A'S DAYDREAM
ALL C'S DAYDREAM

STATE LAW

(HEALTH AND SAFETY CODE 03335)

REQUIRES THAT YOU

WASH YOUR HANDS

AFTER READING THIS MAGAZINE



The closer he gets the better you look!*

Now! Shampoo-in hair color so natural it invites close-ups!

Let distance lend enchantment—to other women! You be the gal that looks even lovelier close up! Fresher, prettier, more exciting when your hair glows with the soft, natural-looking color of new Nice'n Easy by Clairol.

Here is an easy-to-do, once-a-month shampoo-in hair color so rich in formula, it can lighten lighter...brighten brighter...and deepen more evenly! So rich, it covers gray better than any other shampoo-in color...so rich, it leaves your hair with lively body...and an exciting glow! Try it for a lift...for the confidence, deep inside, of knowing your beautiful hair color looks so natural it invites close-ups! **The closer he gets the better you look!**



Pour it on...
work it through.

Wait just minutes...
rinse...shampoo!

Nice'n Easy...
so natural looking!

THE NATURAL LOOKING
HAIR COLOR
YOU JUST SHAMPOO IN!

New! Nice'n Easy* by Clairol
the natural-looking hair color you just shampoo in!

11



